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A Woodland Reverie.

Here, on soft leaves where the tall pines have made
A fragrant shade, here let me sit and muse!
The gentle summer breeze bends the tall tops
Of the deep grove; sighing, it wanders by,
Breathes on the leaves, that bow their shining heads
As if in sad reply. Oh, might I hear
Their converse sweet, for sure they speak of heaven!
The loving winds are newly come from thence,
And, to the nymphs prisoned in forest trees,
They're telling of the Heaven they have left;
Then, on they fly, parting with kisses sweet,
Bearing the fragrance of the forest breath
To distant vallies and to heated towns,
And bring to many a hot and fevered brow,
The sweetest memories of bygone days
In the faint perfume of the shady groves
That, from their balmy wings they silent shed.
Sweet memories they stir of golden youth,
When bright in hope and rich in priceless love,
The halcyon days to happiness were given.
And as the breezes fan his throbbing brow,
The sleeper dreams of days, when by the side
Of murmuring brook in such a sylvan shade
He wandered, hand in hand, with her he loved;
He sees again the babbling stream that flowed
And bathed their feet; he sees the mossy rocks
Green with the tribute of a hundred years—
The shining pebbles glancing in the sun
That ever and anon, with blazing ray,
Pierced through the rippling waters and revealed
The glittering treasures of the mountain stream
Deep glimmering in their sandy bed, like gold;
He hears again the murmuring of the breeze
That stirred the trembling branches o'er their heads;
High on the stately birch he bears the tap
Of laboring woodpecker. Again, he plucks
The crimson berries growing on the bank
Bedded in shining leaves of deepest green,
And twines, with loving hand a glowing wreath
And binds it on the brow of her he loves;—
Again he gazes in her heaven-blue eyes—
Again he fondly clasps her to his breast
Again he feels her loving, glowing kiss
Pressed on his lips as in those happy days!
Oh! blessed dreams of days forever gone
Oh, blessed winds of heaven! that bring such joy,
To the poor broken heart that for long years,
Steeped to the lips in grief and fierce despair
No more believes the faith of happy youth
Nor trusts in human love, nor long has known
By day or night, one single happy hour.
Blow on fair winds, and on such bleeding souls
Pour the soft balm that on your wings ye bear!
Flow on, sweet brook, till in the mighty sea,
Far from their mountain source your waters pour
Their sparkling tribute!

The winds are hushed; the birds have sought their
rest;
The woods are silent, save the whip-poor-will,
Who ever chants, with mournful plaintive tone,
Her dismal cry, waking the forest lone;
The cricket's chirp is heard and feeble voice
Of dying insect that has lived its day;
The darkening hills return the lowing soft
Of sweet breathed kine that seek their distant homes,
And faintly now the tinkling bells are heard,
As slow they wind along the mountain slope,
Oft stopping in the flowing brook to drink

And lingering stand amid the cooling stream.
The day is dead! Night, like a widowed Queen
With sombre veil and diadem of stars,
Comes slowly on, shading the woods in gloom:
The evening dews are moist upon the leaves,
I will begone, and o'er the crackling boughs
That strew the forest path will take my way
And seek the village slumbering in the vale,
Bearing this birchen scroll, whereon is writ
My Woodland Reverie.

Opera and Theatre in Venice.

IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

PARIS, June 10, 1861.

A friend picked up lately on the quays, a venerable looking volume, entitled "*La Ville et Republique de Venise, par Alexandre Touissant de Limojon, Sieur de Saint Disdier.*" Printed at Paris, by Royal privilege, A.D., 1680. It is very interesting as giving an account of the origin of the Republic, the form of government and the manners, habits and costume of the Venetians, in the magnificent and corrupt age of Louis XIV. I have translated two chapters thereof, upon the Opera and Theatre, which I think will interest the readers of the Journal—particularly as coming from an eye-witness of all that was passing in that splendid old sea-shell of a city. Somehow, the description seems to let us right into the heart of those old times—when Venice still held the name of Republic. Yours truly,

C. P. C.

OF THE OPERA.

It is to Venice that we owe the invention of the Opera. But though formerly there have been some operas of singular beauty, we may say nevertheless, that Paris at this present time surpasses all that has been seen at Venice. One has difficulty in believing at first, that the French language can accommodate itself to the recitatives in music, which seem so natural in Italian. In a word, if a man as skillful as he who has given himself to this branch, (Lully) and as profound in all the beauties of Italian music, as he is in the delicacies of the French, had not applied himself with all necessary care, to make an agreeable compound of two manners of singing so different, we may be sure, that this noble and magnificent amusement would not have met with all the success it has had at the Court, and in the city.

At Venice they play several operas at once. The theatres are large and magnificent, the decorations superb and well diversified, but very badly lighted; the machinery is sometimes tolerable and sometimes ridiculous. The number of actors there is always very large, and they are richly dressed; but their acting is for the most part disagreeable. The pieces are long, and yet they would not fail to divert during the four hours that they last, if they were composed by better poets, who should know the rules of the theatre better than their compositions testify; the which do not often merit the expense of representing them. One sees these *entrées* of Ballets, between the acts, so miserable, that it would be better to have none at all. One would

say, to see these folks dance, that they were shod with lead, and yet they receive the applause of the whole assembly, because they have never seen anything better.

The beauty of the voices atones for the defects of which I have spoken. Those men without beards have argentine voices, which fill admirably the large theatre. They choose besides the best female singers in all Italy, and do not grudge 400 pistoles, and the expenses of the journey, to bring from Rome and elsewhere, a girl of reputation, although the opera lasts only during the carnival. The airs are languishing and touching, and through the whole compositions are mingled several very agreeable *chansonnettes*, which awake the attention. The Symphony is not much, inspiring melancholy rather than gaiety. It is composed of Lutes, Theorboes and Clavecins, which accompany the voices with an admirable precision.

If the French have difficulty in understanding well the words, the Italians and all the strangers have still more difficulty in France, where they sing more softly and pronounce less distinctly. The grand chorus of music, which fills so often the whole French theatre, and of which one can scarce distinguish the words, shocks the Italians, who say that this suits better the church than the opera. The great number of violins, which efface, when they play, all the other instruments of the Symphony, can only please the French, they say, except when they play all alone on other occasions. And although in France they succeed perfectly in the dance, yet, (say they), they put so much of it into the opera, that it often forms the greater part of it. The matter of the composition is too short for the taste of the Italians, who do not find, moreover, enough intrigue in our opera pieces. The intrigue of their pieces is always conducted by the character of an old woman, who gives good advice to the young ones, and who becoming amorous herself, generally says very pleasant things.

Those who compose the music of the opera, endeavor to end the scenes of the principal actors, with airs which charm and elevate, in order to draw the applause of the whole theatre. This succeeds so well, that one hears the *benissimo* from a thousand voices at once. But nothing is more singular than the pleasant benedictions and ridiculous requests, which the Gondoliers, who are in the parterre, address to clever female singers. At the end of all their scenes they cry as loud as they can *Sias tu benedetta! benedetta il padre che te generò!* But these exclamations are not always clothed in modest terms. These low fellows say with impunity whatever they please—sure of making the whole assembly laugh, rather than displeasing it.

There are seen gentlemen so transported, so beside themselves by the vocal charms of the girls, that they cry aloud from their boxes, lean out of them, *ah cara! mi butto—mi butto!* meaning that they are ready to throw themselves over,

in the transports of pleasure caused by these divine voices. For the rest, I ought to say, that the priests do not scruple to appear on the stage, taking all sorts of characters, since that is practised at Rome. On the contrary the quality of good actors lends them a sort of virtue. One day one of the spectators recognizing a priest under the dress of an old woman, cried aloud, *Ecco Pre Piero, chi fa la vecchia!* Yet all things pass at the opera with much more harmony than at the theatre, because one naturally loves the music, and more respectable people go there. Also they pay at the door four livres, and two livres in the parterre for the chair, which makes 46 sols of France, without counting the opera book, and the little *pain de bougie* (a roll or book) which all the spectators buy, for without that, even the native would have difficulty in knowing the story and following the piece.

The gentlewomen frequent the opera more than the theatre, because the former amusement is much more respectable than the latter. One sees a great number of them towards the end of the carnival; and as it is permitted them at that time to adorn themselves with their precious stones, they appear all brilliant in the light of the candles, which they have in their boxes, and by this means their lovers gaze at them at their ease, and they on their side cause them to know by signs that they will know the assiduity of their services.

As soon as there appears at Venice a new girl to sing in opera, the principal nobles make it a point of honor, to possess themselves of her, if she sings well; and they spare nothing to accomplish their end. A Cornaro disputes for her with a Duke of Mantua, and at last she is carried off by the one who makes the richest presents, even though the charms of her voice should not be accompanied by those of beauty.

The partisans of those admirable singers cause to be printed quantities of sonnets in their praise, and amidst the acclamation their singing draws forth, they scatter them by thousands from the upper gallery; and fill the boxes and parterre with them.

OF THE THEATRE.

The Play (Comedie) is only acted at Venice during the Carnival. But it begins sometimes towards the end of October or of November, and one often sees three different troupes of players, some worse than the others. The theatres where they perform, belong, as well as those of the opera, to the noble Venetians, who derive a great revenue from the boxes, which they let, some for the whole carnival, others by the day. The players have no other profit, than what they take at the door, which does not amount to more than five sols a head.

Most of the people go in masks to the play as to the opera, in order to enjoy greater freedom. They ordinarily wear only a country cloak and a *bahute* upon the head, which is a little domino of black silk, leaving only the eyes and nose uncovered, over which they wear, if they choose, a half mask, very neatly made of a small white waxed cloth. Those who with this disguise, put on the Venetian vest, are considered real nobles. But the nobles do not wear masks at the opera, nor at the theatre, unless it be some who cannot otherwise approach near to their mistresses, nor enjoy tranquilly a view of them, without causing trouble.

The young nobles go less to the theatre to laugh at the buffonery of the players, than to play a part themselves. They often take courtesans into the boxes, where they make such a noise, and do acts so surprising, and so in violation of the decorum which should be at least observed in public, that one must have seen such things, to believe them. One of their most ordinary pastimes is not only to spit into the parterre, but to hurl down candle-wicks; and if they see any one neatly dressed, or a hat with a bouquet of feathers, it is there they take their aim, for they may do it with impunity. The nobles, who are protectors of the theatre, having *Bravi* at the door, masked and armed and devoted to them—and besides, the theatre and opera being privileged places, where the least violence is a crime of state.

The license which those in the parterre allow themselves, in imitation of the nobility, complete the disorder. The gondoliers chiefly, give impertinent applause to certain actions of the buffoons, which would not be tolerated elsewhere. And the whole theatre raises so often such a terrible hallooing at the actors who don't please them, that they are obliged to withdraw, to give place to those who will cause laughter—amid the incessant cries of *fuora buffooni*. The gentlemen find that so good, that they make themselves of the party; and if it is asked why they are so well behaved in the grand Ridotti (gaming house kept by the nobles) where they go to gamble, and are so foolish at the theatre, it is replied that there the only business is the gaining or losing of money, and that they come here only to divert themselves, where being masters, they do just as they please.

Nothing can equal the noise made, when after a piece which has pleased the assembly, or to speak more properly, the gondoliers, they announce the piece for the next day. For without wishing to hear anything, these low fellows cry so loudly *questa, questa!*—the piece just played, that they are obliged to obey them. So that one oftenest carries away from these wretched comedies, only the dissatisfaction of having put off one's supper till 9 or 10 o'clock. Yet there are given sometimes serious pieces, all in verse, and which they call opera, and which succeeded very well. And sometimes they play some pieces which the Inquisition would not suffer outside the Venetian state, as that of Dom Gilles, who in the dress of a monk, preaches against the debauchery to which he abandons himself. But it is not surprising that no fault is found with it, since even the nobles allow themselves to play on the stage, in the character of Pantalon; which is a true copy, in dress, action and words, of what they do every day.

The Organ.*

FOURTEENTH STUDY.—OF THE FOUNDATION STOPS OR REGISTERS.

The foundation stops or fundamental open-flue pipes were the first stops, and will be the last, used in the construction of the organ. They are all tuned to the pitch of one of their own class, which is an open four-feet pipe of metal called the principal. The pitch to which their scale is tuned determines the pitch of the rest of the organ, and hitherto this pitch has been on an average as much as a tone below the pitch of the orchestra and pianoforte. These open-flue pipes

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

might with propriety be called also flageoles, were it not that this word conveys to the mind idea of an instrument of a very limited size only. For, in a matter of fact, these open pipes are nothing more than flageoles of various sizes turned upside down on the sound-board of the organ, and there supplied with wind from the capacious lungs of the bellows. Of these open pipes, however, all are not for the reason only foundation stops, but only such of them as have their lowest note tuned in unison or in octave with the foundation note of the organ. Then, the lowest note of which is tuned a third, a fifth, a fifteenth and the like, are therefore not foundation stops, though they are open pipes.

Although all the open-flue pipes may be called soft stops as regards the quality of their tone, yet it must not be supposed that they are all alike as regards the quality of their tone, yet it must not be supposed that they are all alike as regards the degree of their softness. On the contrary, they may be very distinctly divided according to their scale, into soft stops of a round and full quality, and soft stops of a thin and delicate quality. When the soft foundation stops of a thin quality are used alone, the organ may be said to have lost its half of the power, at least, and may be compared to a garment which has been stripped of a thick inner-lining; but when those of both qualities are used together, the organ speaks at its full foundation tone. The thinness of the finer or delicate quality disappears in the roundness of the fuller quality, and the latter, which would be especially wan by itself, at least in a great number of the registers, gains, by being united with the finer quality a richness and brilliancy of tone, which is quite equal to that of the most vigorous instruments.

The great advantage of the foundation stops is that they can be combined with all the other stops of the organ without doing more than sweeten their tone by giving them that velvety quality, which is just what they want in addition to their own. Substitute for them, no matter which of the other two divisions, either of the loud or mutation stops, that is, and the organ tone becomes harsh and brazen, of a quality which grates painfully on the ear and nerves of the hearer without reaching his heart. In this way a complete rupture would certainly be made between the organ and the traditions of the first builders. They could, undoubtedly, have made the instrument to consist wholly of noisy and metallic qualities of sound, had they so pleased, but they very wisely preferred, as it seems to us, to lay its foundation in a quality of tone, which is both rich and profound at the same time.

There is also this marked difference between the foundation stops of the organ, that they alone can be used independently, and do not require help from the other stops, while all the rest would undoubtedly commit an act of imprudence, if they attempted to launch forth their mighty voice, and make our churches re-echo with their sounds, without supporting themselves on the broad and outspread wings of the foundation stops.

All these advantages together have, no doubt, been the reason why the open-flue pipes have been called the foundation stops of the organ. There is no organ which can possibly do without them, and there is no church, of the largest or smallest dimensions, to which they are not suited. In a vast temple their noble harmonies sail around its spacious aisles with a freedom, and elasticity, and a tenderness which are truly admirable; in a small sanctuary they make up by their sweetness and mellowness for a certain amount of hardness of quality and want of roundness, which the more noisy stops of an organ always have in a place which from its limited dimensions has but little resonance.

The foundation stops of the organ are more over never out of place in any part of the divine office. The author resides far away from Paris on the eastern frontiers of France, not far from the banks of the Rhine, and he can assure his readers in Paris that, on these harmonious banks, he has been in the habit of hearing the organ speak with wonderful effect by its foundation stops alone; and that, in the hands of play-

ers who are not by any means the best specimens of German organists, he has heard it so speak even and more especially at those solemn moments when the generality of organists, both French and Spanish, believe that a flourish of trumpets and a noisy uproar are absolutely necessary for the sake of variety. But noise is not so necessary, as some seem to think, to express the holy joy of the divine offices. There is, moreover, in the foundation stops a certain keen and soul-stirring note, which takes as near as possible the same place in the music of the church that a solo on the violoncello, or even on the violin, takes in that of the orchestra. In such cases, neither the violin nor the violoncello can for one moment be accused of want of energy; and yet how far are they, for all that from the power and vigor of even the smallest trumpet stops. But it is, above all, the tender and I would even dare to say the loving, expression of the two principal parts of the holy sacrifice that is more especially got from the foundation stops. At almost whatever degree of power we seek for their effects, and however refined or feeble, owing to its extreme softness, this degree may be, we still find a something in it, when borrowed from the foundation stops, which is pre-eminently suited both to the time and to the place. The Germans are more thoroughly convinced of this than the French, but they push their conviction perhaps a little too far when they make use only of sounds of the most extreme thinness at these more solemn moments. They do this with the view of gaining for them the greatest possible expressions of respect and reverence, and these extremely thin sounds do certainly have the effect of a very distant and mysterious music, but at the same time they attempt too much and so defeat their object, because the sounds they make use of to produce this effect, inasmuch as they act too powerfully on the imagination of the worshippers, are found rather to be a cause of distraction, than an aid to devotion.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle.

MR. LOSSING'S HISTORICAL ACCOUNT.

Mr. Benson J. Lossing writes to the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) *Eagle*:

Permit me to correct an error in your paper of this morning. You quote a verse of a poem commencing—

"Once on a time old Johnny Bull,"

to show the correct metre of Yankee Doodle, and speak of it as the "original song." This is an error. The poem from which you quote was written by George P. Morris a few years ago, and is entitled "The Origin of Yankee Doodle." It was written for and sung by the Hutchinson Family. You will find it in the latest edition of Morris's Poems.

The original song of "Yankee Doodle," if we trace it to its germ, has considerable antiquity. The tune was known as early as the tune of Charles the First, when a nursery song had these words:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding 'round it."

In the time of the Roundheads—the period of Cromwell's Protectorate—when Italian fashions being introduced into England, were ridiculed by the satirists and preached against by the Puritan clergy, we find the following verse to the same tune. Here we have "Yankee Doodle" in name for the first time:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Maccaroni."

Maccaroni, at that time, signified a dandy with Italian fashions. Some have supposed that it was written by a royalist to satirize Cromwell, who wore a "feather in his hat."

The "original song," so far as Americans are concerned, was written, it is supposed, in the spring of 1775, after the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord. I subjoin a copy, as printed by Isaiah Thomas, author of the "History of Printing in 1813. It is called

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding.
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the musket and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day,
Would keep our house a winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind ter.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for fathers' cattle.

And every they shoot it off.
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
As father went as nigh again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simeon grew so bold
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrink't it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't.
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather.
They knock'd upon it with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him in his meetin' clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted pokily to get
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men,
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I book'd it off
Nor stopped, as I remember.
Nor turned about 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

In Farmer and Moore's "Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous, and Monthly Literary Journal," for April, 1824, I find a new version of this song, with some stanzas not found in the original. They are evidently interpolations. I give a specimen or two:

And then they fife away like fun
And play on cornstalk fiddles.
And some had ribbons, red as blood
All round about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It almost scared me half to death
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

A little while before the battle of Lexington, the British (who had used the tune as one of their military airs at Castle William, in Boston Harbor, as early as 1768,) had a song in reference to the Americans near Boston, who were secretly procuring arms in the city, then occupied by loyal troops. The following verse is preserved:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a fire-lock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

A writer in the New York *Evening Post*, a few ago, claimed for the Dutch the origin of "Yankee Doodle." He said that the harvest laborers who, in summer, migrate from Germany to the low countries, of Holland, where they receive as much buttermilk as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions, had a song with the following chorus:

"Yankee didel doodle down
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke, viver voover vown,
Botermilk and Tanther."

This account is apocryphal, to say the least, for the words in the above verse are neither German, Dutch, nor any other known language on the face of the earth.

Our "southern brethren," who have a decidedly ugly way, at the present time, of showing their brotherhood, and whose "first families," according to their toasted and admired correspondent of the *London Times*, say, "If we could only get one the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be contented," a sentiment "varied a hundred ways," repeated to him "over and over again," and who "regret the strange result and consequences" of the old war for independence, have naturally discarded "Yankee Doodle." South Carolina by legislative enactment last winter, forbade the future celebration of the Fourth of July and the use of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and "Star Spangled Banner;" and soon afterward the poet Laureate, we presume, of the "Southern Confederacy" (for the British government they so much long for pensions a poet laureate) put forth the following:

FAREWELL TO YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle, fare you well,
Rice and cotton float you;
Once they liked you very well,
But now they'll do without you.

Yankee Doodle used to treat
Old Pompey as a neighbor;
He didn't grab his bread and meat,
Nor cavil at his labor.

But Doodle now has got so keen,
For every dirty shilling;
Propose a job, however mean,
And Yankee Doodle's willing.

Doodle, too, has had the luck
To get a new religion;
A kind of holy zeal to pluck
At everybody's pigeon.

Doodle's morbid conscience strains,
With Puritanic vigor
Too loose the only friendly chains
That ever bound a nigger.

Yet, Doodle knows as well as I,
That when he's come and freed 'em,
He'd see a million niggers die,
Before he'd help to feed 'em.

Yankee Doodle sent us down
A gallant missionary;
His name was Captain Johnny Brown,
The Priest of Harper's Ferry.

With pikes he tried to magnify
The Gospel creed of Beecher;
But Old Virginia lifted high
This military preacher.

Yet, glory to his name is sung,
As if with sin untainted;
The bloody wretch by justice hung,
By bigotry is sainted.

Yankee Doodle, now good bye
We spurn a thing so rotten,
Proud independence is the cry
Of sugar, rice and cotton.

Atlanta, Georgia, February 1st, 1861.

We would humbly advise our southern brethren, when they sing the "Farewell," to hum, in *sotto voce*, sufficiently clear for the ear of their northern brethren, something like the following:

King Cotton was a monarch bold,
Till regicidal treason
With promises of untold gold
Deprived us of our reason.

King Cotton now without the aid
Of England, France or Prussia,
Spain, Portugal or Belgium,
Or self-releasing Russia,

Is growing weak in every limb,
And trembles like a noodle,
And we had better make our peace
With angry Yankee Doodle.

The memory of these half-penitent words may serve to mitigate the "ferocity of the northern Goths and Vandals," when those who have hidden "Farewell to Yankee Doodle," shall, as Prentice says, be standing where there will be an impending Crisis and no Helper." B. J. L.

Managers and Music Halls.

"When they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful."

The managers of the London theatres have lately gathered together in a body, and have offered to the observation of the public a practical commentary on Sheridan's admirable text. On this occasion, the motive for unanimous agreement among these gentlemen has been furnished by a certain entertainment at the Canterbury

Music-Hall, London, which bears a suspiciously close resemblance to the representation of a pantomime. Any performance of this sort—if it takes place out of a theatre—or any performance at all which involves the interchange of dialogue between actors (even when they are only two in number) is viewed by the whole body of the London managers as a dangerous infringement on dramatic rights which they consider to have been acquired exclusively to themselves. They have accordingly come forward to restrain the proprietor of a music-hall within the strict letter of the license conceded to him, which is a license for music and dancing only—the plain object of the proceeding being to prevent all proprietors of all music-halls from amusing their audiences by means bearing any dramatic resemblance to those which are habitually employed by managers of theatres.

With the immediate judicial decision pronounced on this case, we have no present concern. It is, we believe, understood on both sides, that no one decision will be allowed to settle the dispute, and that further legal proceedings are already impending. Our purpose in referring to the subject in these pages is to ascertain what the fair interests are in relation to it, not of the managers only, but of the public at large. A very important question of dramatic Free Trade is involved in this dispute; and London audiences—comprising in these railroad times people from all parts of the kingdom—are directly concerned in the turn which may be taken by its final settlement.

A large proportion of our readers may be probably in need of some preliminary explanation on the subject of music-halls, and of the quality of the performances which are exhibited in them. These places of public entertainment may be roughly described as the growth of the last ten years, both in London and in the large towns throughout England. They are, for the most part, spacious rooms, attached to large public-houses, but having special entrance-passages of their own. The prices of admission are generally sixpence for one kind of place, and a shilling for another. Both sexes (except, we believe, at Evans's supper-room in Covent-garden, where men only are admitted) are allowed the right of entry—there are female, as well as male performers at the entertainments—and the audience have the privilege of ordering what they please to eat or drink, and of smoking as well, at any period of the evening's amusements, from their beginning about seven o'clock to their end a little before twelve.

Of the kind of entertainment provided for the public, under these curious conditions, and of the behavior of the audiences during the performance, we can speak, in some degree, from personal experience. Not very long since, we visited one of the largest and most notorious of these places of amusement—Weston's Music Hall, in Holborn—on a night when the attendance happened to be unusually large, and when the resources of the establishment for preserving order were necessarily subjected to the severest possible test.

The size of the Hall may be conjectured, when it is stated that on the night of our visit, the numbers of the audience reached fifteen hundred. With scarcely a dozen exceptions, this large assembly was accommodated with seats on the floor of the building, and in a gallery which ran round three sides of it. The room was brightly lighted tastefully decorated with mural painting, and surprisingly well ventilated, considering that the obstacle of tobacco-smoke was added to the ordinary obstacles interposed by crowded human beings and blazing gas-light to check the circulation of fresh air. At one end of the hall was a highly-raised stage, with theatrical foot-lights, but with no theatrical scenery; and, on this stage (entering from the back) appeared, sometimes singly, sometimes together, the male and female of the night—all, with the exception of the comic singers, in evening dress. It is not easy to describe the variety of the entertainments. There was a clever nigger vocalist with a blackened face, and nimble feet at a jig. There was another comic singer, preserving his natural com-

plexion—a slim inexhaustible man, who accompanied himself (if the expression may be allowed) by a St. Vitus's Dance of incessant jumping, continued throughout his song, until the jumps were counted by the thousand; the performer being as marvellously in possession of his fair mortal allowance of breath at the end of the exhibition as at the beginning. There was instrumental music played by a full band of wind instruments. There was a little orchestra, besides, for accompaniments; there was a young lady who sang "serio-comic" songs; there were ladies and gentlemen who sang sentimental songs; there was a real Chinaman, who tossed real knives about his head and face, and caught them in all sorts of dangerous positions with a frightful dexterity—and who afterwards additionally delighted the audience by thanking them for their applause in the purest "Canton-English." Lastly, there was an operatic selection from the second act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," comprising not solo-singing only, but concerted music and choruses, and executed in a manner which (considering the resources at the disposal of the establishment) conferred the highest credit on the ladies and gentlemen concerned in the performance, and on the musical director who superintended it. These entertainments, and others equally harmless, succeeded each other at the shortest intervals, throughout the evening; the audience refreshing itself the while with all varieties of drinks, and the male part of it smoking also with the supremest comfort and composure. At the most crowded period of the performances not the slightest disorder was apparent in any part of the room. The people were quietly and civilly conducted to their places by clean and attentive waiters; the proprietor was always present overlooking the proceedings. Not a single case of drunkenness appeared anywhere; no riotous voices interrupted the music. The hearty applause which greeted all the entertainments, comic and serious, never degenerated into disturbance of any kind. Many colder audiences might be found in this metropolis—but an assembly more orderly and more decorous than the assembly at the Holborn Music-Hall we have never seen gathered together at any place of public entertainment in any part of London.

Such is our experience of one of these music-halls, which may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. Canterbury Hall, which happens just now to be the special object of prosecution by theatrical managers, is simply another large concert-room, with a raised stage—possessing, however, it is only fair to add, an attraction peculiar to itself, in the shape of a gallery of pictures. In other respects, it may be at once conceded that if portions of the performances at Canterbury Hall represent an infringement on assumed theatrical privileges, portions of the performance at the Holborn Hall fall within the same category. The pantomime entertainment at one place may be, to all technical intents and purpose, matched by the operatic entertainment at the other. Both are exhibited on a stage; both are illuminated by foot-lights—both involve the interchange of dramatic dialogue—spoken in one case sung in the other. If the managers of our two operas contemplate asserting their interests, as the managers of the other theatres have done, the performance from Lucia di Lammermoor, in Holborn, is as open to attack as the performance of pantomime which is the subject of complaint against Canterbury Hall. With scenery or without it, with costume or without it, the grand dramatic situation in Donizetti's opera, interpreted by solo singers, chorus, and orchestra, is a dramatic performance, and carries the vocalists as well as the audience away with it. Our own ears informed us, on the evening of our experience, that Edgardo delivered his famous curse in trousers, as vigorously as if he had worn the boots of the period. The Lucia of the night could not have sung the lovely music of her part with greater earnestness and emphasis, if her father's halls had opened behind her, in immeasurable vista, on a piece of painted canvas—and Colonel Ashton was as pitiless a gentleman in an unimpeachable dress-coat, as if he had worn the

most outrageous parody on Highland costume which the stage wardrobes of operatic France or Italy could produce. If it simplifies the question now at issue—and it does surely, so far as the public discussion of the subject is concerned!—to confess at once that some of the entertainments at music-halls do in some degree trench on the ground already occupied by entertainments at theatres, we make the acknowledgement without hesitation. Legal quibbling apart, the resemblance complained of, does partially exist; and is, in the present state of the laws which regulate such matters, open to attack. Granting all this, however, one plain inquiry, so far as the public are concerned, still remains to be answered: Are the managers morally justified in claiming for themselves a monopoly in dramatic entertainment, and in proceeding against the proprietors of music-halls accordingly?

In their present situation, as we understand it, the managers have two grievances which they all complain of alike. The first of those grievances is, that theatres and music-halls are not impartially submitted to the same conditions of State and control. The theatres are under the direction of the Lord Chamberlain; the music-halls are under the direction of an act of Parliament of George the Second, and the licensing magistrates. The Lord Chamberlain, acting as the official victim of old precedents, shuts up the theatres under his jurisdiction in Passion Week; and arbitrarily throws out of employment for that period, not the actors only, but the thousands of poor people who live by ministering to the obscure necessities of the stage. On the other hand, the licensing magistrates, having no old precedents to fetter them, allow the music-halls to open their doors as freely in Passion Week as at any other time—the practical result being, that musical and dramatic performances, with smoking and drinking, are officially permitted, at exactly that period of the year when musical and dramatic performances without smoking or drinking, are officially prohibited. The absurdity and justice of this proceeding are too manifest for comment. If it is wrong to allow any public amusements in Passion Week, shut the music-halls—if it is right, open the theatres. So far is this really serious grievance is concerned, our sympathies are heartily with the managers. Instead of gaining any advantage by being placed under the courtly authority of the Lord Chamberlain, they are actually oppressed, in this particular, by a gross injustice; and they deserve all the help we can give them in subjecting that injustice to public exposure and public attack.

But the second grievance—which these gentlemen are now endeavoring to assert—the grievance which practically declares that they object to all dramatic competition, out of their own especial circle, is so preposterous in itself, and is so utterly opposed to the public spirit of the time, that we reject all belief in it, on grounds of the plainest common sense. The great social law of this age and this nation, is the law of competition. Why are managers of theatres not to submit to it, as well as other people? Some of these gentlemen, in all probability, occasionally see a penny daily paper. What would they have thought, if the proprietors of the Times, of the Daily News, and of the other morning journals previously established, and selling at a higher price, had all met together, on the starting of penny papers, and had claimed protection from the public authorities, on the ground that cheap competition in the matter of purveying daily intelligence was an attack on their personal interests? Why, the very pastry-cooks, who once had the monopoly of sixpenny ices, knew better than to make a public outcry on the establishment of the penny ice-shops! Nay, the predecessors of the managers themselves, not only recognized but asserted the privilege of free competition in a free country. Whose voices were raised loudest against dramatic monopoly, in the time of the two patent theatres? The voices of the proprietors of minor theatres, who then occupied a position which the music-halls now occupy towards all the theatres in London. Here is the elder generation of managers shout, on one side,

MARTHA.

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No. 11. TRIO et FINAL.

Allegro moderato.

Recitativo.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of eight systems of music. The first system is marked *Allegro moderato.* and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system is marked *Recitativo.* and features a more melodic line in the right hand. The third system continues the recitativo style. The fourth system introduces a crescendo (*cresc.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The fifth system continues the piano (*pp*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The sixth system features a forte (*f*) dynamic and a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*). The seventh system continues the forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*). The eighth system concludes the piece with a trill (*tr*) and a final chord.

tr *tr* *tr* *ff*

fs

Allegro.
pp

pp *rit.*

Tempo. *Lento.*

tr *pp*

Ped. *Perdendosi.* *

MARTHA.

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Allegro. Recuo.

f *p* *cresc.*

f *ff*

ff

p *f* *p* *f*

ff Ped. *** *p* *f* *p* *f*

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MARTHA.

68

MARTHA.

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

p *f* *p* *f* *ff* Ped. *

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *ff*

Ped. * *ff*

for Free Trade—and there is the younger generation petitioning, on the other, for Protection! Was there ever such an anomaly? Who is to justify or explain it?

If there had been no other and better reason to restrain the managers from coming forward to assert an obsolete protectionist principle (under cover of asserting a strict interpretation of the law), surely the consideration of mere expediency might well have hindered them. We know that these gentlemen are acting on a strong conviction, however lamentably mistaken they may be. But the public has no time to draw fine distinctions: what will the public think of the attempted suppression of the pantomimic entertainment, in Canterbury Hall, at the suit of the London managers? Will it not be said: "Here are several eminent gentlemen, occupying the highest places in their profession, and administering the resources of our greatest theatrical establishments, all incomprehensibly jealous of the performances of a tavern concert-room!" Such an imputation would, no doubt, be justly repudiated by the managers; but what plain inference is the world outside the green-room to draw from facts as they stand at present? Perhaps there is one other legitimate conclusion, which has certainly occurred to ourselves, and which the report of the trial in the newspaper may justify. When we saw the deservedly respected name of Mr. Benjamin Webster—who has done more (at the New Adelphi Theatre) to promote the public convenience than any other manager of his time—set up as the name of the plaintiff in a case which had for its ultimate object an interference with the public amusement, we certainly did consider that the spectacle of the wrong man in the wrong place had been somewhat inconsiderately offered to popular contemplation. And, let it be added, we were only the more confirmed in this view, when we remembered that the manager who had been selected to express, on behalf of his brethren, a deep-seated distrust of the rivalry of music-halls, was also the very manager whose theatre has been literally besieged by the public for the last hundred and fifty nights, and is likely to be besieged in the future for a hundred and fifty more. Surely it was a grave error to choose such a prosperous proprietor as Mr. Webster—a man who has shown a determination to advance with the time—to point the protectionist moral and adorn the managerial tale!

To speak seriously, in conclusion, the managers have taken a false step. They have placed themselves in a persecuting as well as a prosecuting position; and they are most unwisely attempting to dispute a principle which the public opinion of the age has long since regarded as settled. We earnestly recommend them to reconsider their course of action—in their own interests. The hostile point of view from which they now regard the music-halls is short-sighted in the extreme. To return to our previous illustration. It is notorious that the cheap newspapers, instead of disputing the public encouragement with the newspapers at a higher price, have raised up an audience for themselves. It is notorious that the library circulation of good novels has rather increased than diminished, since the time when opposition novels have stirred the waters in the world of fiction, by pouring regularly from the press in cheap instalments at a penny a week. On the same principle, the music-halls have unquestionably raised up their new public; and, in doing so, will indirectly help to improve the prospects of the theatres, by increasing the number of people who look to public amusements as the occupation of their evening. If the managers don't see this—if they don't see that a percentage of the music-hall audience (not a very large one probably, but still a percentage) is, in the ordinary course of things, certain to drift into theatres from a natural human love of change—they must at least admit that they already possess, in undisturbed monopoly, immense dramatic advantages over those other caterers for the public amusement, who are following them at a respectful distance. They have the use of stage means and appliances which no music-hall can possibly command, without being knocked

down and built up again for the purpose. They have actors and actresses who stand, in a personal as well as in a pecuniary sense, out of music-hall reach. They have relations with English literature which no music-hall possesses, or dreams of possessing; and they have a refined, intelligent, and wealthy public to appeal to, from which the music-halls are separated by the great social gulch which we all know there is no crossing. Here, without prosecutions, disputes, and vexatiously strict interpretations of the letter of the law, is vantage-ground enough for any theatre which is properly administered; vantage-ground which the fiercest music-hall rivalry cannot cut away.

As for the public interest in this question, the discussion of which we have modestly left to the last, the direction that it takes is so obvious as hardly to need pointing out. The more competition there is, the more certainly the public will be the gainers. Let the spur of the music-halls—if any such spur there be—stimulate the theatres to higher and higher exertions by all manner of means; the drama will be the better for it; the actors will study their art the more for it; the audiences will be the larger for it; the managers will be the richer for it. The success of The Colleen Bawn, at the Adelphi; the success of that excellent artist, Mr. Fechter, at the Princess; and the success of the admirable pantomime at Drury Lane; all three achieved in the same theatrical year, are facts to form an opinion on; facts which justify the conclusion that a great dramatic attraction is as much above all small rivalries in our day, as ever it was in that golden theatrical age when music-halls were not heard of in the land! We trust the managers may yet be induced to reconsider the motives on which they have too hastily acted. We trust they may yet see that it is their interest, as we are sure it is always their inclination, to follow the old proverbial rule which enjoins us all to Live and let live.—*All the Year Round.*

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

PLAYING ON THE PIANO.

After singing, the command of the pianoforte is our most essential qualification, and among us is so considered. The piano is the only instrument, excepting the scarcely accessible organ, on which melody and harmony, and the rich web of combined and simultaneous voices or parts, can be produced with accuracy and almost unlimited magnificence of effect. It is also highly adapted to accompanying song, and to conducting. From these advantages it has happened, that for this single instrument more masterpieces have been written, since the time of Seb. Bach up to Beethoven, than for all other instruments put together. Most songs have been composed with accompaniment for that instrument—organ parts can be transferred without any change—and whatever quartet and orchestral music found favor with the public, was immediately presented to pianoforte players in the form of arrangements, &c. Therefore, no branch of practice can promise so rich a harvest as piano playing; and it must be acknowledged, that, without so abundant a field, any extended acquaintance with our musical literature would be scarcely possible to the world in general. To the composer this instrument is nearly indispensable, partly on the foregoing grounds, and partly because no other is so appropriate, both for exercising and exciting his own imagination and for proving the effect of many-part compositions. It is equally important to the conductor and to the singing master. Even its defects are advantages to musical education, and particularly to the composer. The pianoforte is greatly inferior to bowed and wind instruments in inward feeling and power of tone or quality of sound, in the power of sustaining a tone in equality of force, in crescendo or in diminuendo, in melting two or more tones into each other, and in gliding imperceptibly from the one to the other, all which so admirably succeeds on bowed instruments. The piano does not fully satisfy the ear: its performance, compared to that of bowed and wind instruments, is in a manner colorless, and its effect, in comparison with the resplendence of an orchestra, is as a drawing to a painting. But exactly on this account the piano moves more powerfully the creative faculty of both player and hearer; for it requires their assistance to complete and color, to give full significance to that which is but spiritually indicated. Thus imagination fosters the new idea, and penetrates therewith to our hearts; while other instruments immediately seize, and move, and satisfy

the senses, and by their means attack the feeling more powerfully, perhaps, in a sensuous direction, but not so fruitfully in the soul. This is probably the chief reason why the piano has become the especial instrument for spiritually musical education, and particularly for composition; since other instruments easily overcome their votaries, whom they seduce into their own instrumental peculiarities, and create a one-sided mannerism in their productions.

For the earliest instruction, also, the piano has the advantage (greatly to be supposed) of presenting to the pupil correct tones, and a clear insight into the tonic system by the key-board.

But just from this point arises the important quality of the instrument, which may be perilous to all the real advantages derived from it, unless it be sedulously counteracted; and this, we must confess, is at present but little thought of—namely, indeed, that dangerous quality is speculated on, and an entirely false system of education is built on it for outward show, through whose apparent advantages even the true artistic education is represented in a false light, as ignorant and baneful. Since the pianoforte has its fixed tones provided, it is easier to play upon this instrument than upon any other, without any internal feeling of correctness of tone, or even without hearing, and to arrive at a certain degree of mechanical dexterity. How often do we meet ready piano players, who, from want of a cultivated feeling of tone, are incapable of singing a correct succession of tones, or of imagining it, who have no clear notion of what they are playing—nay, who in reality hear nothing correctly! How many bravura players might one name, to whom the artistic meaning of a simple movement remains a sealed book, and who therefore perform the greatest and the least compositions, with assumption and vanity indeed, but without inward participation—without awakening joy in themselves or in their audience, but merely a fruitless astonishment at their technical cleverness! And how deep has this perversion of art into dead mechanism penetrated into artistic life! Whoever has an opportunity of observing many students of music and their teachers, cannot conceal from himself that at present, particularly in large towns devoted to vanity and fashion, the greater part of the pianoforte students are in this manner led astray; and that a great part of the teachers are themselves ignorant of the right path, or otherwise have not the courage to oppose the stream of fashion, or the allurements of example and personal advantage.

If, however, satisfactory instruction is not to be expected from all masters, nor every student is to hope for the choice of a good master, there remains still a tolerably sure method of guarding against this wide-spread evil. It consists in rigidly examining the work, which is exacted from the pupil, in the pupil himself, and his parents or preceptor insisting absolutely that the teacher shall furnish really profitable work; or, if that cannot be secured with certainty, in seeking immediately another teacher more trustworthy to his art.

We have already said that the pianoforte possesses an extremely voluminous literature, partly written expressly for it, and partly adaptations from other works foreign to it. What can be more natural or more enlightening than to make these works the chief means of instruction, their complete possession being one of the objects of pursuit. For this end, technical readiness, finger exercises, and studies are required. But these are manifestly only means to an end; and as certainly as their use ought not to be delayed, so certainly also they ought to be set aside when the required dexterity has been gained, and the principal difficulties overcome; or else, from a want of methodical arrangement, exercises may be prolonged without end. We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times this error has been stretched to excess, and has overwhelmed us with countless studies, &c. Every respectable teacher, every distinguished amateur, considers himself bound to present the world with some dozens of studies, from which a few particular artistic forms of fingering are to be acquired. And since the composition of a well-sounding study exacts nothing but the occurrence of an idea to be worked in the ordinary routine of composition; since, moreover, a little burst of enthusiasm is highly thought of in these matters; and, further, since the brilliant playing of the author, or the reputation of his master, renders him tolerably sure of his public, we can never tell when this con position and spread of studies will come to an end; neither, indeed, can we imagine how the pupil shall find time to labor through the most respectable of them only; to say nothing of the real works of art themselves, for whose sake alone the whole drudgery has been endured.

Let the non-musical inquirer consider the foregoing as a token of good and bad instruction in the question before us.

Sebastian Bach and Handel, Joseph Haydn, Mozart

and Beethoven—these are the artists to whom we owe the greatest and the most numerous works of art for the pianoforte. Among these, Bach and Beethoven stand forward, the one in elder, the other in our own times, as those who have reached the highest eminence. After them, Emanuel Bach, Clementi, Dussek, Karl Maria von Weber, Hummel, and many more may be named. We abstain from giving a more numerous list, particularly of those still living, as it is not the province of this work to pass judgment upon individuals. Upon the highest, the vast preponderance in estimation of the five first named artists, there is not the slightest question among those who have the least tincture of art. The one may indeed be compared with the other, but the high pre-eminence of all is unquestioned.

We can therefore declare as a condition for good piano-forte teaching, that the works of those five eminent men * shall be considered as the distinguished and governing lessons in the instruction. Whatever finger exercises, hand lessons, or secondary work, a teacher may find necessary for his pupil, must be left to his decision, as it cannot be estimated. But the teacher who does not conduct his pupil into the study of the five great masters, as soon as it can be done with any precision, and the time of the lesson permits it, and does not make them the chief object and goal of the instruction, such a teacher, we say it, without hesitation, is not able to give a true artistic education, however clever and careful he may be in other parts of his duty. Teachers who keep their pupils to fashionable dances and such trifles, to arrangements from favorite operas, &c., are altogether unworthy of the confidence of those who seek for genuine education in art. Therefore, no teacher ought to be chosen without the previous knowledge of his method of instruction.

Piano-forte learning may begin very early—in the seventh or eighth year, or even earlier, even before the hand can span the octave. There is, moreover, a sufficiency of excellent works of Haydn and Mozart, well adapted to the sensibilities of that tender age, if the teacher be but capable of choosing them. —*Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction.*

* We have to give an urgent warning with respect to Seb. Bach's work, the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," that the younger scholars be not set too early to the study of it; and that neither they nor others should be persuaded that everything that that great man has composed—often composed for momentary objects of instruction, &c.—was of equal value. Bach's manner is so different from the modern style, that we cannot without reflection employ his works. This, and the usual beginning with pieces of the most accustomed temperament, have driven more friends of art from this master than the pleasure of his music has created him admirers; and, therefore, with the greatest veneration in his regard, we will not refuse to acknowledge that another portion of his works, namely his dances, have outlived their time and become antiquated. But the enlightened teacher will find in the six preludes pour les commences, in the inventions and single fantasias, namely in the English and other suites among the preludes, sarabands, figs, &c., a rich choice of the most charming and imperishable compositions, most intimately adapted to our tastes and feelings, and highly calculated to produce both pleasure and improvement in his scholars. We could here wish to recommend the new collective edition of Bach's works, at Peter's, in Leipzig. As an Introductory School for conducting from our own time and transfer into those of Bach, which are so importantly different, and for primary instruction in polyphonic playing, the Author has published a selection from Seb. Bach's compositions, at Challier's, in Berlin, at 20 Sgr.

The above warning may also apply to Handel, whose works, however, for the piano, are not numerous. We can recommend his Six Fugues and a Capriccio, at Frautwein's, in Berlin, for more advanced students.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

[In the absence of anything from the Editor specially intended for the eyes of the readers of this Journal, we offer them to-day some random notes of travel taken from private letters written since his last letter from Berlin.]

VENICE, APRIL 18, 1861.

Eccomi qui! In "sunny Italy," as you say. And it is sunny! For five days that I have been here and one in Trieste, there has been cloudless blue sky and blue water all the time, and such a light as well accounts for Titian. Perfect spring weather, air fresh, sweet, lively, just warm enough. I float in gondolas, I gaze at palaces and churches, I stand on bridges and quays and lose myself in reveries watching the sails and sights upon the water, I stand be-

fore the Titians, Tintoretto's, Giov. Bellinies, (having already seen the three greatest works of Titian), I promenade the piazzas and wander around and in the wonderful church of St. Marco; have been all over the Doge's Palace, and I take great pleasure and got very tired in finding my way about from place to place through the labyrinth of little narrow lanes (but light as noonday), always opening something new and picturesque. What a luxury, too, is a city without horses! Great contrast to Vienna where the carriages (in streets not half as wide as Washington street,) dash by you in frantic speed, bewildering and endangering. Here too are pretty faces, pretty costumes, and cheerful *dolce far niente* life. One feature, though, is very ugly: the city swarms with Austrian soldiers; they are pouring into Italy continually; on every railroad and steamboat I have travelled with them. * * *

I left Vienna on the 10th, and spent the night in Grätz (over the most wonderful of railroads); reached Trieste the next night, and spent the following day there, finding it necessary to reconnoitre before attacking Italy—for I had not studied the language at all, nor even laid out the campaign from guide-books. Saturday, 13th, exquisite sail on the blue Adriatic to Venice, in 7½ hours. But it is no use to try to tell you about it. And there was wonderful old Prague too, where I wandered about every hour of the time for two days.

In Venice too, I am all alone, not a countryman to be found. I believe the expectation of war has turned them all away, and really it looks as if war could hardly be prevented. Never has the peace of Europe looked so uncertain. Every Italian looks on war as a foregone conclusion, likely to turn out now any day. If it does, I am here in the midst of it, unless I can get seasonable warning. But I propose to persevere in my plan and go to Padua day after to-morrow, stop one night, another at Verona, then to Milan and stop two days, then perhaps to Turin, to Genoa, by sea to Livorno and Florence, and to Rome. There I do hope to find somebody whom I know—but that depends on the chances of peace or war.

Truly if there is a place where air and light and constant novelty and beauty could lift a man out of his own grief and sense of loneliness, it is this wonderful Venice. For hours sometimes I do contrive to lose myself in wonder and admiration; but one cannot live upon these sentiments; the more I enjoy, the more I feel the need of friends, of those with whom I have been wont to share my life.

As to letters (editorial), I shall try to finish one to-day and to-morrow. But the chances are much more against my writing while in Italy than I had supposed. Time is so used up by new sights and fatigues, and especially by the necessity of constant studying out of plans—still more by my inability to talk Italian (being alone), so that I seldom come the shortest way at anything.

Rome, June 2.

I told you of my ten days of fine weather and enjoyment in Venice—only I had not a soul to speak with while I was there—not even an Englishman. Sunday, April 21, I left there and came as far as Padua, where I spent the day, visiting the fine old church of St. Antonio, and Giotto's chapel ('), covered, walls and ceiling, with the best preserved of all his frescoes. The next day, took cars to Milan, feeling a sense of positive relief and joy when I crossed the boundary at Peschiera, and found myself beyond the everlasting swarms of Austrian soldiers, and breathed for the first time the free air of V. Emanuel's Italy. I enjoyed Milan exceedingly, and was delighted with the free Italian people. There, and in all Northern Italy, and Florence, they are the most cheerful, orderly, sweet, good-natured population that I have anywhere seen. The Cathedral fill-

ed me with wonder and delight. I spent, in several climbs, six or eight hours on its roof and spire, amid its bristling pinacles and its population of three or four thousand statues. I staid there three nights, and saw the cathedral last, white and like a soaring airy thing, under the full moon! Many fine works of Art, too, I saw in Milan—but always alone—still no Americans. Italian politics of course interested me much. Newspapers were sold and read as eagerly in the streets, as in Boston—a new phenomenon to me in Europe! Cialdini's bitter letter to Garibaldi had just appeared, and there was great sorrow and indignation and some attempts at "demonstrations"—but the good sense and self-possession of the people frowned on demonstrations and would have them—was it not beautiful?

Then a half day's railroad ride, past the battle fields (Magenta, &c.), and with a splendid panorama of snowy Alps looming across the delicate green Lombard plains, to Turin. I thought it worth a day to go round there and take a peep into the Parliament, where I was politely led into a good seat and saw Cavour, and heard him make a short speech. He is a most lively, hearty, somewhat Pickwickian looking little man; never two minutes still, but running about all over the chamber, talking with every member, and gesticulating vigorously. He looked happy and seemed to be continually congratulated. He had reason to feel well, for it was the morning after the great reconciliation between the three chiefs. What noble patriots! I had hoped to see Garibaldi; but he was not in health, and did not come into the House any more.

The next afternoon I reached Genoa, one of the most superb of cities. Dickens has described it as a mouldy, tumble-down, gloomy mass of obsolete splendor; but to me it looked in its prime of youth and beauty. I could not satiate myself climbing its hill-side streets, admiring its exquisite hanging gardens (roses, figs, and oranges), gazing off over its beautiful harbor, and exploring its grand old palaces. Two of these I went through, which contained the largest and finest collections of paintings. (What thousands upon thousands of fine pictures I have seen! In Venice no end of Titians, Giorgiones, Tintoretto's, Paul Veronese's, Giov. Bellinies, Bonifacio's—the whole Venetian school has made the clearest impression on me).

At sunset the next day I took the steamer for Leghorn. Uncomfortable, wretched little boat—immense price—rough sea—and more and worse seasickness than I had in the whole passage of the Atlantic. It should have taken 9 hours, and it took 15. I was so sick on reaching Leghorn that I could not go right on to Florence, but had to rest there most of that Sunday. Before sunset, however, I was able to take the train, and enjoy the lovely Tuscan scenery in the valley of the Arno, bounded by deep purple or snowy mountain ranges.

Florence was, much of that week, as cold as Boston in the same month, a lovely place though, smothered in roses, and surrounded with soft, green hills, and mountains white with snow. I must take some better time, when I come home, to tell you how much I enjoyed its great art galleries, its Greek statues, and Michael Angelo's "Day and Night," &c. (the Medici monument), and the Raphaels and Del Santos and Titians; the old convent of S. Marco, where Fra Angelico lived (a monk took me round through cell after cell full of his frescoes, and into the refectory, (tables all set) where is a noble fresco of the Last Supper, in the same position as Da Vinci's, by Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master. (I went to see Da Vinci's in Milan). Then, too, the superb Duomo, with cupola larger than that of St. Peter's, and the view from the top of it, and Giotto's Campanile beside it, and the Baptistery with Ghiberti's doors. No end of such things while I was there; and I left ever so much unseen. One most interest-

ing walk was out to the Protestant cemetery, where I saw Theodore Parker's tomb; a fresh bunch of flowers lay on it, and the place is most lovely, sweet with birds and roses, planted with tall cypresses, and looking from a gentle elevation over towards Fiesole. I was nine days in Florence—entirely too short a time.

I had supposed that, when in Florence, I should be within eight or ten hours of Rome. It is not so far as from Boston to New York. But practically it is several days off. I had either to take another sea voyage, or go by diligence, costing three days, or in the mail coach (two nights and one day). I chose the latter for shortness, having to pay eighty-four francs (!), and got myself first by rail to Sienna, where the coach starts. So I took the early train, drove right to the post-office, where I left my baggage, and then wandered about Sienna the whole day, — a most interesting place, — and expected to start with the coach at 9 P.M., where I presented myself, tired enough — but they didn't choose to start till 12; so I had to wander three hours more, sit in cafes, &c. And then came a long and dismal ride; only I and the courier inside. I entered Rome at 12 the next night, having enjoyed the distant view over the Campagna, the Alban and Sabine Mts. with Soracte, from the hill after leaving Viterbo, as long as daylight lasted — and then I fell asleep, and woke to find myself trundled along between endless white stone walls, with a strange sensation of approaching Rome. It was much nearer than I was aware, and soon we stepped inside the Porta del Popolo, in the silent square, where passport was taken, and then down the Corso and to the post-office; and I was soon walking behind a porter at midnight, and a stranger, in the streets of Rome, to the hotel. Didn't I sleep well! Rose late, walked out in the sunshine, to the Piazza di Spagna, to the banker's and found no letters — then up the interminable steps to the Pincian hill, catching a first view of St. Peter's, and then on to Story's studio. He was not there; but President Quiney, larger than life, stood there just inside the door — warble, with a man chipping away at it — and a plaster double by his side — so I couldn't help going in; and I was led from room to room, looking at statues while I waited for Story, and I sat a half hour there amid his white ideals, his "Cleopatra," "Hero," "Gretchen," "Beethoven," and last of all, and really great, his "African Sybil." It was a fine introduction. It had both the feeling of Rome and of home in it — to me so long accustomed to entire strangers only. D.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Organ for Chicago, Ill.

I had the pleasure, on two evenings the past week of listening to the tones of a new organ, built for the Episcopal Church, in Chicago, Ill., by Messrs. Stevens & Jewett, No. 120 Leverett Street, in this city, and can confidently state that the Society will receive one of the handsomest and best instruments that ever left this city. By the kindness of the builders I had an opportunity to examine the interior of the instrument, and to obtain a description of it, which I send you.

The height of case is 30 feet, width of front, 20 feet, and depth, 10 feet. The style of architecture conforms to the church in which it is to be placed, made from a plan drawn by the architect, T. V. Wadsworth, Esq., of Chicago, and is Romanesque. The contents are as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
Pipes.		Pipes.	
Open Diapason.....	56	Bourdon Bass }	56
Tenorean.....	56	Bourdon Treble }	56
St. Diapason, Bass }	56	Viol. de Gamba.....	56
Clarebell, Treble }	56	Op. Diapason, Bass }	56
Dulciana.....	56	" " Treble }	56
Principal.....	56	Principal.....	56
Twelfth.....	56	Stop Diapason, Bass }	56
Fifteenth.....	56	" " Treble }	56

Sesquiquita.....	168	Cornet 15th.....	56
Cremona.....	39	Cornet 12th and 17th.....	112
Trumpet Bass }	56	Hautboy.....	56
Trumpet Treble }	56	Trumpet Bass, Treb. }	56
Flute.....	56	" " Bass }	56

PEDAL ORGAN.

Double Open Diapason.....	27
Violoncello.....	27

MECHANICAL STOPS.

Pedal Check.	
Couple Pedals and Swell.	
Couple Great and Swell.	
Tremolo. Bellows Signal.	
Great and Swell at Octaves.	
Couple Pedal and Great.	

A number of the first organists of this city and vicinity, have tried the instrument, and pronounced it a very superior instrument, and one that the builders and Society might well be proud of. PANO.

BOARD OF MUSIC TRADE.—The Annual Meeting of the Board of Music Trade, which was to have taken place in this city this summer, has been postponed, in consequence of the present state of affairs in the country, to the first Wednesday of August of next year. Those whose interests are so closely connected with Harmony do well, we think, to come together only in Peace and Harmony, which we hope may, before that time, again reign in the land.

ERRATUM.—In the article "Concert Programmes," page 102, in our last number, an annoying typographical error occurs. In the last line but eight the words *and the better works* of Beethoven ought to read *and the LATER*, &c.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 24, 1861. — *Philharmonic Concert.* The Philharmonic Society crowned the efforts of its first season with a very brilliant concert in Bryan Hall, on Saturday last, June 22. It was an auspicious conclusion of a series of musical entertainments, which have successfully inaugurated a new musical era in this city. The Society was organized under circumstances which rendered its successful accomplishment of the object aimed at somewhat doubtful in the minds of many whose hearts were with it. That object was the introduction of the best classical music in a community which had previously given the larger share of its patronage to productions of an inferior order. But the complete and triumphant success of the Society in its first season has, we think, demonstrated the practicability of the undertaking and reflected all honor upon the good taste of its numerous members. This success is undoubtedly owing in a very large measure to the labors of Mr. Balatka, the talented musical director, than whom no better musical executive can be found in the North West.

The following programme closed the first season:

1. Fifth Symphony, C minor.....L. V. Beethoven.
a. Allegro con brio.
b. Andante.
c. Allegro.
2. "Winged Messenger".....Fesca.
Miss Dewey.
3. Elegy to the Memory of Stephen A. Douglas.....Balatka.
4. Aria from "Jerusalem".....Verdi.
Mr. De Passio.
5. Souvenir de "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer.
8. Overture to "Martha".....Flotow.

The symphony in C minor was played by the orchestra in truly excellent style and with proper regard to light and shade. Every performer seemed inspired by the greatness of the composition and anxious to convey the idea of it to the audience. The best part of the Symphony might well be considered the triumph of instrumental music, for it is hardly possible to imagine anything more sublime and effective. The Winged Messenger was handsomely done by Miss Dewey and heartily encored. Mr. De Passio gave the aria to "Jerusalem" in his usual excellent style and is deservedly the favorite of our concert-going people. A most interesting per-

formance of the evening was Balatka's Elegy in memory of Stephen A. Douglas, it being new to every one. It is a dignified and solemn composition which conveys its meaning to the listener at once. Very expressive is the last part, where in passages of exquisite tenderness, the last touching farewell seems to be offered to the departed by sorrow-stricken friends. The composition will add greatly to the already high reputation of Mr. Balatka. The rest of the programme "Souvenir de Robert," and "Martha Overture" were by their perfect rendition much admired by the friends of a lighter style of music. The Directors announce, that the second season will commence with a concert to be given, in September.

An Organic Complaint.

STREET MUSIC IN LONDON AND A PUBLIC MEETING.

At a time when the paper question threatens to unseat a Ministry, and the American troubles to create dissension, the *London Star and Dial* devotes one column and a quarter to another serious difficulty still—street music. The *Star* says:

"Marylebone, it appears, is at this moment agitated by a tremendous outburst of popular indignation. We were in blissful ignorance of the fact until a few minutes ago. The storm has been brewing silently, and thunder clouds have been gathering, while the sun seemed to be shining and the heavens bright and clear. At last the tempest has broken out in good earnest; the evidence before us places this beyond the reach of doubt. We have just received a hand-bill, headed in large capitals, with the resonant and wrath-provoking motto, 'Might against Right,' convening a public meeting of the ratepayers of the borough, this evening, in the Courthouse, Marylebone lane. The veteran Reformer, Mr. Nicholas, is to take the chair, and Lord Fermoy and Mr. Harvey Lewis have been invited to grace the platform with their presence. Our readers will doubtless be eager to learn the object of this imposing demonstration. We may, therefore, as well inform them at once that the meeting has been called, not to elicit the opinion of the inhabitants of Marylebone upon any vital question of domestic or foreign policy, but simply to protest against a sentence passed some few weeks since by Mr. Mansfield upon four members of a perpetrating brass band, who had been perpetrating their habitual discords to the annoyance of Mr. Charles Babbage. The Home Secretary, it is stated, has been appealed to, but in vain, and now the ratepayers are solemnly convoked to give formal utterance to their wrath at a judicial decision which is stigmatized by the promoters of the meeting as an act of 'magisterial tyranny.' We are ready to do the most ample justice to the motives of the gentlemen who have taken the foremost part in fomenting this tempest in a tea-pot. We are fully convinced that they have been actuated by the kindest motives, and we willingly believe that the error of judgment into which they have been betrayed arises from want of practical experience of the nuisance in behalf of which they have thought fit to interpose. At the same time, we feel bound to record our protest against the extension of any toleration to a pest which has really become past endurance. Mr. Babbage is no exceptional sufferer, and the courage and perseverance with which he has vindicated the right of every man to enjoy a peaceful existence in his own dwelling entitles him to be regarded as a public benefactor.

"The nature of the strains to which we are compelled to listen makes this nuisance intolerably hideous. If Caliban were a dweller in London now, he might truthfully exclaim, 'The isle is full of noises.' But, alas! he could not add, 'sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.' There is an organ player under our window at this moment; by the turning of his fatal crank he professes to be executing a composition of Vincent Wallace. In a certain sense he is executing it; he is so breaking it on the wheel that the accomplished musician could scarcely recognize his reputed child. For all the melody that exists in the concatenation of sounds he is producing, it might be the offspring of Richard Wagner."

Music Abroad.

Wallace's Opera of "Lurline," has been published in Germany under the title of "Loreley."

VIENNA.—Richard Wagner, while in Vienna, for the first time heard his "Lohengrin," at a rehearsal. The performance in the evening was made the occasion of an ovation to the composer. During the evening he was three times called upon the stage. No composer has ever before received like honors in theatre. The nobility took particular pains to show their sympathy with the enthusiasm of the Princess Metternich in Paris, who is one of them, and the applause was overwhelming. Wagner was not left off without having made a little neat speech. He is the lion of the day, and is richly indemnified for the bitter days of his exile by the smiles of the Imperial city.

MOSCOW, (Russia).—The Concert season, which is now over, has proved quite unsuccessful. No artist drew a full house. Many Concerts heralded with great pomp had to be given up as nobody would buy tickets. This has never happened before. Of foreign artists only *Dreyschock* and *Wienawski* came; the former just saved his purse; the latter was sadly out of pocket. The Musical Society of the city—Philharmonic—was also poorly patronized. Only one of their concerts paid expenses. Liszt's Preludes were on the bills of the last one. The Russians did not seem to relish it much.

LEIPZIG.—Classical Leipzig has been blessed at last with the first performance of "*Il Trovatore*." The "Signale" comes to the conclusion that Verdi is better than his reputation. Signora Trebelli, in the character of Azucena, contributed much towards the success of the Opera. She is undoubtedly one of the first artists in Europe.

PARIS.—The Society of dramatic authors in Paris have been paid during the last eleven months the sum of one and a half millions of francs, being the author's share in the performances of works of their members.

The musical societies of the lower district of the Rhine have celebrated their 38th annual musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Works performed were Beethoven's grand D minor Mass, and Sinfonia Eroica, and the Oratorio of Joshua by Handel. The latter created a profound sensation. Several of the choruses were encored.

We clip the following from a Berlin letter in the Leipzig '*Neue Zeitschrift*': "Mr. Paine, from America, a pupil of our best organ-player and distinguished composer A. Haupt, gave an organ concert previous to his departure, in which he performed pieces by *Back*, *Mendelssohn*, *Thiele* and of his own with astonishing perfection. His pedal-playing and clearness of execution on the manuals are rarely equalled. He is more of a player than a composer. His variations on the Austrian National Anthem are suggestive of talent, but lack the maturity of a well formed individuality." This concert took place some time ago, but the report is new.

Vienna.

A circumstance that has already been remarked is that individual concert-givers scarcely dare any longer present themselves to the public without Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann. Although, in many instances, this is done rather clumsily, and although it is desirable that Beethoven should be the Omega and not the Alpha in the education of our young professionals, the necessity the artist is under of presenting a programme of sterling worth to his patrons, affords satisfactory testimony of a cultivated taste on the part of the hearer; and the performance of *three-and-twenty symphonies*, without counting Liszt's *Dichtungen*—to which we devoted a separate paragraph above—the

public performance, we say, of *three-and-twenty symphonies*, during the course of six months, in a city like Vienna, is really no small advance. It is, as a matter of course, altogether out of the question to compare Vienna, as far as activity in musical affairs is concerned, with many a smaller town in northern or middle Germany. Concentration of thought upon special and limited objects, and total absorption in one well-defined direction, cannot be expected or required of us. People must not insist on Vienna's being Leipzig, Breslau, or any other city where men of great talent pursue their course, with iron consistency, towards some one particular object. On the other hand, Vienna boasts of so many men of such varied talent, while public sensitiveness is so great public feeling so frank, and public sentiment so fresh, that anything only needs to be awakened into being, to pulsate freely, freshly, and vigorously, following its own path; and though it may sometimes giddily spring aside from it, it speedily returns to where its correct instinct calls it. This instinct warns us more especially against everything wearisome. If this results in our having sometimes not at first appreciated, from a dread of what appears monotonous, many things we subsequently enjoy, we gain a by no means inconsiderable advantage, namely, an ever fresh, quick feeling of appreciation for the essentially vital element in art generally, and, in music more especially, for the light genius of melody.

We should have to plunge into a thorough analysis of particular circumstances and individual institutions, if we attempted to give a detailed account of the continuous progress of musical Vienna. It is not long since we endeavored to show what a change had taken place here during the last ten years. We shall often probably have occasion to express our opinion of the system of musical associations, and the ends they have in view. Many persons consider logically musical matters among us solely in a musical light, without taking into account their influence on society. We ourselves have, perhaps, frequently arrived at a wrong decision, in consequence of this circumscribed mode of viewing things. We do not hesitate, however, to own our error, when we think we have discovered something better. We endeavor, also, if only as "an exercise for the memory," to gain a clear insight into the connection between human and artistic matters; and when, as last winter, for instance, we see the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* taking the lead, and achieving triumphs with the Mass in D, with Schubert's Opera, with the formation of an orchestra of their own, and with the organization, which has been commenced, at least, of the Conservatory, we cannot help recollecting the struggle necessitated not for a merely professional change of officials, but for placing the guidance of the Association in the hands of men who could be relied on, and who would work well together. We make this observation in order to mark distinctly the party to which we belong; for parties there must be as long as life and human activity exist, and those persons who cherish a love of art must hold together, unless they would have their cunning opponents enlist on their side the whole body of weak and neutral individuals. We rejoice sincerely at the successes thus achieved; and, while passing over in silence what did not turn out so well, but which was quite immaterial when placed in the balance against so much that was most excellent, we will, in conclusion, express the hope that, at the expiration of another year, we may have it in our power to give an equally favorable account of the "Vienna Concert Season."—*Vienna Recensionen*.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—This interesting event is fixed to take place on Tuesday the 27th of August, and three following days, making the twenty-eighth triennial celebration of these famous musical meetings. The proceeds arising from the festivals are applied to the assistance of the funds of the Birmingham General Hospital, one of the largest beneficent institutions of this nature out of London. So great has been the success of the Birmingham Festivals, that since their establishment in 1768, nearly eighty thousand pounds have been realized for the charity. The meetings, under royal patronage, are supported by the nobility and gentry of the Midland counties, who not only act as Vice-presidents, but by their presence in the Town Hall, where the performances are held, manifest the interest they take in the welfare of the hospital. The arrangements are made by a committee, and are always on a scale of grandeur and completeness: the best available vocal and instrumental talent being invariably engaged, and the works performed consisting always of the highest class of sacred and secular music, by the most renowned ancient and modern composers. The last festival was held in 1858, when the Earl of Dartmouth was President. This year that office will be filled by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Stars and the Stripes. G. A. Mietzke. 25

A powerful song of the old flag, with a vigorous melody which must at once impress itself favorably upon musical ears.

Land of Columbus. Quartet. Geo. Heus. 5

An Anthem of three verses, corresponding in measure to the Anthem of "God Save the Queen," but provided with an original melody, well adapted for children's voices, by Mr. Heus. The Anthem has been sung by the children of the Warren street Chapel during the Fourth of July celebration at the Academy of Music, and elicited warm encomiums. It is conveniently arranged for part-singing.

Instrumental Music.

Governor Curtin's Grand March. Rieter Fitzgerald. 25

A well written, pleasing March, by the junior editor of the "Philadelphia Item," and dedicated to the eminent man, who occupies the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania.

Croyez moi. J. Ascher. 25

A charming little Nocturne, eclipsing many a more pretentious composition in striking beauty of melody and nicety of detail. Everybody will be taken with it. It is not difficult.

Immortellen Waltzes. Four hands. Gungl. 75

One of the finest sets of modern Waltzes; an uninterrupted chain of beautiful melodies, now jubilant and joyous, then again subdued and plaintive, the whole prefaced by a slow and impressive March in memory of Johann Strauss, who had just died when these Waltzes were composed. Two good players can enchant any audience with these strains. They are not difficult but must have the true whirl of the Waltz, in order to be fully effective.

Books.

GUIDE TO MUSICAL COMPOSITION. By Heinrich Wohlfahrt. Translated by John S. Dwight. Bound. 75

This little book is intended for those amateurs who have a penchant for composing, without being able to devote their time to a course of instruction in harmony. The author gives the laws of phrasing, or musical construction, lays out the web of modulation, and, in a manner, even teaches to form melodies. A musical person of some practical experience, who has a little of the inventive faculty, will, by the aid of this book, be able to shape his ideas into a satisfactory, finished form. There are many such to whom pretty ideas come plentifully, but who, when trying to put them together and make a musical whole of them, find that they will not connect, or that there is too little or too much of them, in short, that there is something wrong which they are not able to remedy. After studying Wohlfahrt's book they will see clearly where the defect lies, and whence the remedy must come.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

